

Another Dollar

LL Cool J

AKA John Mickens
I'm the king.
I floss rings, the new John Mickens
Uhh, I'm stayin' rich and keep the haters bitchin
from New York to Richmond, my shine is sickenin
Ice drips, frost bits, or forfeit shit
I got to rewrite this mackin' game, baby
Layin' in the barber shop, knowin' haters is shady
Maybe, they sex young chicks and whips
but i got lesbo combos ridin' stick-shifts
for no chips, I'm seein' 4 to 8 lips
let me tell ya 'bout my life-style, playas and chips, sick
Mr. Smith, the rarest breed
separate the dimes from 'hoes like chronic seeds
miraculous
lyrical swiftness
practice this, stop bein' actresses
on mattresses with your legs up in the air
splash the crisp.. John Micks, a millionaire

Anutha Day ... anutha Dolla

My fortune 500 is fully funded
Joints I pumps, gives my pockets the mumps
I'm the glossiest and the costliest
feel the force of this
lyrical arsenist
Hotter .. than a yacht with rottweillers
chicks in choppers with they thong sittin' proper
the crisp poppa bringin' drama like soap operas
the show stopper if u playas don't flow proper
I'm the jiggliest, bitch, shit the wittiest
wonderin' why cats front on who's the williest
Chill, relax, you cats will fall
10 mill, 10 plaques upon my wall
You stall, mix large, I see y'all
Mash ya like roaches then cop diamond broaches
Supercalla - nevermind the alladocious
Sin the fellas, get blazed and you can quote this

Anutha day ... anutha dolla

I'm the MC that you strive to be
competition is dead, cuz ain't none of y'all live as me
Handsome moody, I keep it raw, baby
so save all the goodfella shit for Scorsece
So iced up, they call me Mount Everest
the many get honey ways draped over my headrest
I run game from Fort Green to Maine
I keep ya head noddin' like dope is in your vein
Hail to the King Cajone .. jing-a-ling
I buy ya clicks loyalty with one pinkie ring
Gotta be above average to grow cabbage
I wreack havoc, do damage
don't have it
uh huh .. techniques up to par
yeah you, get ya black ass looped like Mardi Gras

Chick soup too
Hittin' me off in yo' car
Blaze her in the alley cuz she actin' bourgeois

Anutha day .. anutha dolla

Ahhh man ... it's hard bein' the King, baby
but someone's gotta do it, haha